

Home is Where the Kids Are by DeathByShyKid

Series: [Harrington and his Stupid Kids \(One-Shots\) \[4\]](#)

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Summary:

Steve hates his house. It's cold no matter what temperature it is inside and always empty, void of any sound. His parents haven't been home for almost a year so it was very much dead inside. That's why, when the kids ask to go to Steve's house for their traditional Dungeons and Dragons campaign, he can't say no to them. He can't refuse because he wants his lonely home to feel lively for once.

Home is Where the Kids Are

Steve sits in the dark, awake at four o'clock in the morning just staring at the wall opposite of his kitchen sink. He leans against the counter, thinking to himself. It is silent and so *cold* inside his house. He'd already had the thought to turn up the heat but, for some reason, had no desire to turn it up. Maybe it was because no matter what temperature it was inside the house, it always *felt* cold to Steve.

He'd been the only resident in his house for the last year and a half, his parents never home for less than a week or two before flying off to work in another city. They'd always had their eyes on something bigger in the world, not this wholesome and small life in Hawkins. Even if that meant leaving their only son in a quiet house until he was old enough to do what he wanted with his life.

Steve sighs, pushing off the counter he'd been leaning on and walked over to the coffee pot. As Hopper always says, mornings are for coffee and contemplation. Plus, if he can't sleep then he might as well think until the early mornings pull one of the kids to his front doorstep for yet another adventure that involves his money, car, or bat of nails, maybe even his company, you never know with those kids. He smiled at the thought of them, watching the dark black coffee drip into the pot. The smell started to slowly waft into the room, a sense of warmth seeping into his cold walls and empty house. His home had always been a place of loneliness and discontent. That's why Steve liked to host parties every now and then or to turn on every light and heat up the room, just to bring some form of life to his bleak home. His barren and *dead* house.

The teenager pulled a cup from a cabinet and went about making his coffee just the way he liked it, strong and sweet, *really* sweet. It made him feel alive and that there wasn't a thing of death outside his kitchen window. The outside of his house has haunted him since the last time Barb was seen alive. Did she ever leave Steve's house? Was she on her way home when she was attacked by the Demogorgon? Did she ever make it to the door or was she killed outside, by his pool that glowed in the early morning of light? Did Barb die just outside his window?

Steve won't ever *truly* know when or where Barb died but that doesn't mean that his mind doesn't conjure up death and despair when he's alone... which wasn't a lot nowadays, with a rowdy bunch of kids kicking down his door nonstop.

He sat down on the couch, careful as to not spill his coffee. The brunette took a small sip, scrunching up his nose slightly. In all honesty, Steve had never really liked coffee; it was always too... *bleh* for his likes. However, with everything that had happened, sometimes his body just doesn't like to sleep. Steve had slowly become an insomniac and coffee was just something to pass the time before daylight started to come through the windows and 'officially' start his day.

As he stared at the blank wall above his fireplace, he thought some more. Steve hadn't thought about his home's lack of life in about a year or so after Will had been found and the Demogorgon had been killed. He'd gone home to an empty house and just silently cried because he wanted some type of reassurance that he wasn't insane. Instead, he got creepy hallways and dark corners, not to mention the unstoppable *coldness* that seeped into his tired bones. It was all Steve could think about for days until he just no longer cared, he had other things to do.

Steve thought long and hard about what he would do once he turned eighteen and graduated. What would he do with his home once he got older? He thought about selling his parents' home – he no longer wanted anything to do with it – and moving closer to the city to be closer to the kids in case anything happened again. He thought about working with Hopper as a deputy but he'd have to sacrifice nearly half a year to just be trained. In six months, things could change, things could happen... bad things. Did he really want to be away that long? Steve couldn't tell.

All in all, Steve hated his home. He hated it so much, hated its darkness and cold atmosphere. He hated how the light was some much dimmer at night and that every step you took made a creak. He hated how empty and *dead* it was inside. He hated it so much, hated everything about it.

However, it wasn't until recently that he started to hate his home less

and love the kids more.

Mike had started to want more time to play one of their Dungeons and Dragons campaign instead of having one or two of their party members go home in the middle of one. The kids hated it as much as Steve hated to hear all the complaining the next afternoon when he picked them up from school. So, Dustin – one of the brilliant minds behind all their crazy plans – came up with the idea of just going over to Steve's house for a Dungeons and Dragons campaign. All of their parents *loved* Steve since they knew that their kids would be safe with him, especially Joyce, so it would be perfect. They would be able to stay longer – maybe even have an unplanned sleepover if the campaign extended past the time they were supposed to be home – and no one would have to leave.

It would be perfect, not just for the kids but for Steve too.

The party members had thought that Steve would immediately turn down the idea and was thoroughly surprised when their self-appointed-babysitter instantly agreed to the idea. He was perfectly fine at any time the kids wanted to stay over, hell, even spend the night. The kids remember that Steve was smiling before giving all the rules of the house, just to make sure. So, all the little heathens went home to tell their parents about the change of plans the following weekend and Steve stayed, contented.

Since, in all honesty, Steve didn't mind the kids coming over, not one bit because that meant that his house wasn't as lonely as it was before.